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Select Tale.

From the Waverley Magazine.
TWO SIDES OF LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

CHAPTER II.
(CONCLUDED.)

THE human heart has been likened to a book, so I will unroll this, and let you read from its pages; but, ah! many of them bear the impress of deep, bitter grief—tears that have well nigh blotted words and deeds out. We have opened to a picture, a scene fairer than pencil hath ever drawn—that of a pure-hearted boy. Brightly doth his wavy curls gleam, and from underneath the long lashes peeps an eye of love, hardly equalled by heaven's stars. And his words come like the chime of distant music, falling on a listening ear, with a power none but a wife's father can know. Day by day does he roam at his father's side, gathering flowers, watching birds, and chasing butterflies; and when night comes, he falls asleep entwined by a loving father's arm. When the fair boy is sick, the parent is his only watcher; when the hues of health return, an ardent thankfulness fills his bosom. They are two gems so closely entwined, that taking away one would break the other. The bright boy has no mother—at least, so they told him; and he is too happy, too full of innocent gaiety ever to think of her; yes, long ago she was forgotten by both—erased from their memory as a blot, an unseemly thing, not worth remembrance. There is a laugh ringing through the ears of the patient sewer, a sweet laugh of sunny childhood, ere care hath dampened one spring—a full, free, sweet sound, waking an echo among the flowers and trees, and dying away as the gushing melody of a summer bird. How it thrilled every feeling—ah! it was only fancy; yet if she could see him once more, nasp him to her bosom, and hear him murmur "mother!" then she could lay down and die with every wish of life granted—every hope fulfilled. O, that could never be, for he would gaze vacantly on her, and turn away as from the vilest stranger.

Strange, strange that she could thus have lost her way in a path of unwavering light—strange, she should have sought strangers in preference to those who had loved long and sincerely—and yet, thank God, she had preserved her woman's estate pure amidst it all. Never once had words of love passed her lips for other than the husband of her early choice; but she had been feigningly blinded by pride, when she thought the fault was his. She had wreathed her lip in smiles for strangers; she had danced, and sung—fitted about like the butterfly, knowingly casting from her, pure lasting happiness, for a sparkling beam that faded like sunshine on the waters. And the tempter—well did she remember him—how each word he had uttered, sent fire through her every vein, and taught her to look upon her cottage home as a prison; each day had worn away a link, and soon it replaced with a stepping-stone of future suffering—blindly she had let it pass without an effort of resistance. When the handsome stranger knelt by her, there were words of love on his tongue, not for her, no, would it had been, for there the tempter might have stood in her presence unveiled, and she could have shunned him; but he spoke of music, his passion—her passion, and she had listened, entranced, fascinated; not with one unkindly thought of him who had been all in all to her, in her heart, but the tempter's words had woken a spirit of the beautiful in her inmost soul, and when she met her husband, and heard his taunting words, she answered proudly in innocence of heart. One kind word would have forced open the gates of his heart, and love gushed forth fondly, warmly as before, but she would not say even one in extenuation or sorrow, and thus she had left her early home. Money could purchase stranger friends, but not love, as she well knew by this time. Then once the tempter crossed her pathway, and whispered words that made her shrink in

affright, and she spurned him as she would a loathsome thing. Bravely she had endured every privation, uncomplainingly toiled until sickness came. Once she had thought she could die amongst strangers, but oh! it was hard, very hard, and Lucy Everard prayed for life—not that she feared death, no, but there came a wild longing to die at Rosedell. Far better it would be to lay in some unheeded corner there, than among entire strangers. True, it mattered but little where the body laid, but she could not die among strangers; and when she rose from her bed, there was no pride in her heart, but deep sorrow—and that had come too late. Well, she had chosen her own path—not a thorn was there that she did not deserve—not one cloud, but she had wilfully barred the sunshine from it; and now hers must be a weary, desolate path—unloved she must go down to the grave.

Faster, faster flew the busy fingers, quicker sped thoughts lightning on, bringing back every smile, each kind word, and all the love lavished on her once, weaving with it darker scenes until the whole sky was covered—not one star visible. Lower burned the candle; fainter came its rays—a moment, and it was out, but her task accomplished; and she arose with a feeling of relief, but it soon vanished. Then she resumed her seat again, and leaned down her weary head, all alone, in that pale, beautiful moonlight. When she had been actively employed, an impetus was given thought; but now, when the excitement was over, all strength, both mentally and physically, seemed gone, and in the wild chaos of her brain there was nothing but utter desolation.

There was a step on the stairs, and Lucy Everard looked still lower in the silver light that played around her. Could it be her merciful landlord?—no, not to-night; two days must elapse ere her rent would be due;—a hand was on the door knob—it turned, and before the trembling woman stood one whose coming had woken smiles in other days, but now a deep loathing. Not less bright and fascinating was the eye in its snake-like glitter; but on the arched brow, and around the mouth, were lines that spoke ill-dissembled triumph—but they had all lost their power now, and his low, musical voice woke no echo in her heart as he said,—"So, my pretty bird, I have found you at last!"

"She stirred not—neither did one pulse quicken as she replied, in a cold, passionless tone, "Why have you sought me?"

"Ha! the woman dreams of restoration; know you not, fair lady, the world has set the seal of degradation on your brow already? What matters it, then, whether you have sinned or not, while the world names you among its fallen—and far sooner would Allan Everard take to his bosom a viper to nurse than one who has once betrayed. Why should you toil day by day, but only at last to starve or sin, if sin there be in smiling on love like mine?"

There are times when the heart is goaded to its utmost, by the iron of stern suffering, until every fibre seems crushed and incapable of resistance; and so it was with Lucy Everard, as she said, without once raising her eyes from the floor—

"As Eve was restored to Eden, so do I dream of restoration. When the body hath toiled, suffered, until the worn out spirit seeks another sphere, then, and then only do I hope for re-union. Oh, I am not the vain creature to believe he would forgive—but for my child's sake I would not sin."

"Your child!" and the stranger's lip curled in derisive triumph, as tightly grasping her arm until she fairly shivered from the pain, he continued—"Listen, Lucy Everard; a month ago they said he was dying—dead he must be by this time, and they said his mother's was an interdicted name. Aye! what of the past have you to live for now—all, every vestige of it is gone—no trace, no mark left."

There was a wild confusion in her brain, a feeling that she could fling herself upon the destroyer's bosom in ecstasy of laughter, and tell him she would go where he went—it mattered not what became of her now, for every light was darkened. And he saw it all; knowing, too, that the cup of cold water, standing on the table, would restore to the excited brain its clearness, send from the heart the fever vein gnawing at its very vitals—yet gave it not, but watched for the light of reason to waver. But it did not entirely fail. It was dark, very dark in the mist that enshrouded her brain—but slowly there came a glimmering light, borne by a tiny angel that had once called her mother, and it whispered, "never more should the light fade out on her pathway—that he was waiting to clasp her in his arms when she reached the portals of death, and but a step divided them." No, she would not yield now, when the heaviest clouds were over; and she rose from her seat scarcely less beautiful than the angels, and while her thin lip quivered with intense emotion, said—

Once before I told you my lips should never belie my heart; now I tell you, death, misery, privation and suffering of every kind might come, and I would not yield my hopes of heaven for the brightest bliss earth ever witnessed.

No, I can die now, and no sin can bar me from my child—no unforgiven crime shut me from your bright land. I sprang you—I detest you—and yet may God forgive, and teach me to do the same."

There was a flood of eloquent words—I had well nigh said love—but that sin can never be—they fell unheeded on Lucy Everard, as she knelt in the moonlight and tried to murmur, "God be merciful even unto me." Hour after hour passed, and external things riveted not her attention—nothing save the simple prayer passed her lips.

Dimly came the morning light creeping up the eastern skies, slow, but not the less sure; and one by one the misty clouds dispersed until the whole east was an intermingling of rose, gold, and fawn color, tinged here and there by blue and yellow, and then suddenly, like the uprising of a lark, came the glorious orb of day; still Lucy Everard knelt there alone. The warm breath of summer morn fanned her fevered brow, and brought calmness to her heart; and when she rose, there was a brighter light in her eye than had shone there for many a long day, and new resolves had lent the color of excitement to her cheek. But a little while, and the toil, the perplexing cares were laid aside, and she turned her weary face from the city. No gleam of gorgeousness lingered in her heart—it had been too long and severely tried; no blessed rest was there for her, and she was going where one, dearly loved still, might lay his hand upon her and say, "go in peace, and may

God forgive you even as I do." Now, in his bereavement, his heart would be less proud, and he would not refuse her the only boon she asked—and then when death came, she could seek her child's grave, and, leaning her throbbing head on the grassy mound, sink into dreamless quiet. Many a time did her strength well nigh fail her, but well she knew the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and this thought gave her new strength each day; but when at last Rosedell was reached, it seemed as if she could lay down and sleep forever in the grand old woods. Oh, how beautiful, though tall, dark trees looked, and the wind swept through the leafy branches melodiously, and the rivulet trilled along with a low, gushing song. Through an opening gleamed the vine-clad cottage, but her eyes grew dim when she gazed upon it, and sadly she turned away, feeling deeper than ever her own unworthiness. Then she bathed her heated brow from the limpid stream, and sat down to rest on a mossy stone. There gleamed bright sparks before her eyes, and half insensibly a soft dreaminess stole over her spirit—a moment, and she was asleep. The birds sang lower, and the winds breathed softer, as if they would fain have comforted her.

Allan Everard stood by his dying child, watching anxiously—counting, miser-like each golden sand in the cup of life—gazing wistfully on the fair boy, as if he would have held him back in a fond passionate embrace from the tyrant death. He had schooled his heart for parting—calmly the words, "no hope," had fallen on his ear and he had looked on his child's wasted face, knowing he must die; and now, when the hour of parting had come, convulsively he clung to the last vestige. Oh no! his fair boy must not die—he could not be left all alone, and as he paced the floor, he felt he had put from him the clear blue sky, and clung to the gorgeous rainbow—the bright, beautiful, but evanescent semblance.

Brightly shone the sun—merrily sang the birds—gladly danced the butterfly on the wayward breeze, and the flowers shook their cups together, scattering floods of fragrance all around; all without was glad, but within the father sadly watched his dying child.

"Father!" and the suffering man started from his reverie, and gazing upon his child said, "what, dearest?"

"Father," continued the boy, and his tones were hardly more than a bird-like whisper, "when I am gone, you will be very sad and lonely—there will be none left to walk with you in the forest, or read to you—no one to love—you will be all alone."

"I know it," murmured the father, "I shall be very lonely—would I too, could die."

"No, father," and a strange light shone on the pallid face, "not yet, but when I am gone, you feel this utter desolation, will you not seek my mother, and tell her how we have watched and prayed for her—that we never forgot her, and that in heaven I will plead for her still? Perhaps she, too, is praying for us; will you not do this for my sake, father?"

"So help me God, I will seek her, and tell her all—bring her back to her cottage home, and never more shall she know sorrow; and his stern nature bent to the love of a simple child.

And the boy looked love unutterable, while his thin lips essayed to speak, but their strength was failing fast. Oh, beautiful he seemed as he lay dying; but must she, for whom he had breathed his last request, linger until the spirit was entirely gone—nevermore gaze in those li- quid eyes—never feel his warm kiss, and hear him say, "mother?" No, not so was it to be. There was a speck in the sky, a tiny cloud, and larger, larger it grew, until the mid heaven was reached and the sun darkened. Fitfully did the wind beat against the casement among the rich clustering vines, making the very air of the room redolent with balmy fragrance, and slowly came the large drops of rain pattering on the window sill, and rebounding on the gravel walks. Faster it came, mingled with the roar of heaven's artillery,

and vivid flashes of brilliant lightning, and the father looked sadly forth—oh! bitter was his lot—not even a calm, tranquil hour for his pure child to die.

There was a low knock at the door, and he started—lingering a moment to listen if it were the storm; but again it came, and then he rose, but ere he reached it the door was flung wide open from the violence of the wind, and the next moment there was a senseless mass of clay in his arms.

When Lucy Everard left her cottage home, the hue of health was on her cheek, and a bright light in her eye—proudly she had crossed the threshold; when she returned all was gone—she was faint and weary, with no color on her cheek, and her long hair hanging in dishevelled masses, glistening with the spray; but dearer, far more precious than before to one heart for it seemed sunshine out of a dark cloud, and he kissed her pale cheek, murmuring all the while words of endearment, and trying to restore life and animation. And he succeeded. Slowly came the pulsation back to the heart, and though she lifted not up the large languid eye, yet he knew the love-light had not entirely burned out, and in a transport of joy and thankfulness clasped her to his bosom.

Wildly every pulse thrilled through her fragile frame; welcome like this she had never dreamed of, and she murmured slowly, without raising her eyes from the floor, "they told me our child was dead, and I thought perhaps your heart would be less stern in the depths of grief, and I sought you to tell my sorrow, and ask if there was forgiveness for one like me."

"I too have felt the need of that blessed power," replied Allan Everard, and learned to pray, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Your path has been weary, dark, and desolate, but not sin like mine; for ever lingered the thought that I had wrested from God retribution, and dealt hardly with one gem. He had given me to love. Oh, Lucy, it was bitter to think its keeping would one day be required of me, and if tarnished or lost, the blight would be all my own; it was dreary to know my hand had destroyed another's happiness, and the proud-hearted man bowed his head.

Lucy Everard bent like a comforting angel over him, and said, "we have both sinned, but our child in heaven shall be mediator, and though I may not rest on your bosom, nor be to you what I once was, I will feel content with forgiveness."

"No, not dead, Lucy; still has his spirit lingered for your words to fall once more on his ear; it could not go clouded by a single shadow to the land of fadeless bliss—together we will see him die, and then we part not till we reunite with him—come," and twining his arm round her slender waist, he led her to the bedside; just as the sun looked out from the dark covert that had enshrouded it, and burst in rays of dazzling effulgence—Oh, it must be a dream—it could not be her own child she gazed upon—and her brain grew dizzy with the excitement. Gently did she pass her arm under his fair shoulders and pillow his head upon her breast, while the fount of maternal love swelled to overflowing. And the dying boy gave back the look in mute, eloquent language, twining his fingers with hers; then a faint, quivering sound fell on her ear, telling the cherished dream of life had met its realization.

"Mother! the first and last sweet sound His infancy had known: For in that smile, that faint embrace, The boy's young soul had flown!"

High up, through immensity of space, burning myriads of stars, and blue ethereal clouds—far, far beyond them, dwelt a glorious king, surrounded by millions of pure spirits, that ministered day and night, nor knew weariness; streets of shining and streams of living waters, whose transparency gleamed and gleamed—fadedless flowers, that shook their wealth of fragrance over the vast plains, and one endless day shone on it all, needing neither light of sun, nor moon, nor stars. Before the glorious king knelt an angel, and earthward she pointed to where kindred spirits were seeking each other; all estrangement and coldness had faded from

their hearts, and their voiceless prayer came in soft cadence to that far off land; and the king turned to the angel on his right hand with a sweet smile, and she wrote a magic word in letters of liquid gold, whose very brightness crused many a blot and unseemly mark made there before.

Then arose the kneeling angel, and waved her bright pinions—floating slowly through the balmy breath of Heaven, down lower and lower, until she seemed but a tiny speck—a moment, and she came again, but not alone; for close to her bosom she held a star, that had sparkled untarnished for a while on earth, and she bore it to the feet of the glorious King, who took it in his arms, and said, in a tone that sounded like the commingling of harp and lute, and the sweet music we dream of at eventide. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; and the holy angels tuned anew their golden harps, and sang:—

"And thou shalt dwell in worlds of light,
Nor ever be a cold;
And lilies pure and sunbeams bright,
Shall thy young limbs enfold."

And thou shalt walk 'neath shady trees,
By sweet pellucid streams,
Where wanders every fragrant breeze,
And golden sunlight gleams."

And thou shalt know no day nor night,
Nor burning heat nor cold,
But walk in every gorgeous light
Amid the streets of gold."

Thy happy feet shall tread where flowers
Their fragrant incense fling,
And find amid Elysian bowers
A fair perpetual spring."

In after years, there was a pleasant hum of voices in Allan Everard's cottage, mingled with the restless patter of childhood's busy feet; and tiny hands parted the vines into loop-holes, where the sunny eye might gleam through, and the merry laughter rang like silver bells upon the stilly air; and the father's brow lost its sternness, as he smiled to see the little ones climb his knee at nightfall for a blessing, ere they laid themselves down to slumber. And there was one pale, but beautiful face, upturned confidently, where he might read in the light of the beaming eye, happiness that words were but weak and faint to express; and when they knelt together at eventide, enfolded by the wings of an angel watcher, whose unchained radiance glittered ever on their pathway, each felt that suffering had strengthened the heart and purified even love itself.

For the True American.
Taxes and State Expenditures.

In my first number I pointed out the expenditures for the support of the general government of the State of Ohio, including the expenses of the benevolent institutions and the Penitentiary. I included two years, one under the old, and one under the new constitution.

In the present number I propose to treat of our State debt, its origin, the purposes for which it was created, its extent, how far it has been reduced, its present amount, the annual interest payable upon it, the public works resulting from the creation of the debt, and the annual income derived from them. I shall study brevity as far as is consistent with clearness and accuracy. This is the third head of my general division. I propose to pass over the second head until the last.

In 1825, the State undertook a system of public improvements. Two canals were projected, to reach the interior of the State, at different parts, by artificial navigation. One was to extend from Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, by the valleys of the Scioto, the Tuscarawas, and the Cuyahoga rivers, to Lake Erie, at Cleveland. The other commencing on the Ohio river at Cincinnati, extended by the valley of the Miami river to four miles above Piqua, in Miami county. Some short branches, chiefly useful as feeders, were connected with them. The length of the first, including feeders, was three hundred and thirty-three miles, of the second ninety-seven miles. The first cost \$4,244,539 64, the second \$1,240,269 60. They were completed in 1835. The funds were chiefly obtained by borrowing on the credit of the State, on a long term, at six

per cent. interest, secured by evidences of debt called State Stocks. When these were completed the debt of the State was \$5,490,809 80.

They have yielded an average annual net income from 1833 to 1851, of about 44 per cent. on their cost. Their influence in promoting the settlement of the interior of the State, and developing its resources, was very great. This success stimulated to farther and less prudent exertions. In the winter of 1835-6, the Board of Public Works (whose members opposed further undertakings at that time) was changed, and the Miami extension canal, from near Piqua to Lake Erie, the Wabash and Erie canal, the Warren county canal, the Hocking canal, the Walhonding canal, the Muskingum Improvement, and the Western Reserve and Maumee Road were all authorized to be undertaken, or so many of them as the Board should be of opinion would yield a net annual income of six per cent. on their cost. In April, 1836, the Board, by a single resolution, undertook the construction of all these works. They were finally completed in 1844, after great financial embarrassments. In the mean time, whilst matters seemed prosperous, the State subscribed Stock in the Ohio & Pennsylvania, the White Water and Milan canals, and in a great number of rail roads and turnpikes. To aid the State in these undertakings, the United States who still held the title to a large part of the lands, gave large bodies of lands from which the State realized over \$1,500,000. The investments in rail road and turnpike stocks, and in the Ohio & Pennsylvania canal, the White Water canal, and the Milan canal, was, from the best data in my reach, \$2,954,512 77. On the 15th of November, 1847, when, as I ascertain, it reached its highest point, the State debt amounted to \$19,492,895 21. The annual interest for that year, was \$1,179,073 70. Some small loans had been effected at five per cent., for others seven per cent. had been contracted and paid.

This would leave for the cost of the works above enumerated, undertaken in 1836, about \$12,500,000. They did not, however, cost this sum, as at least \$1,000,000 of the funds included in the above estimates was applied, during periods of financial embarrassment, to the payment of interest.

The Wabash & Erie canal
cost..... \$3,009,923 29
Miami Extension canal cost..... 2,634,757 08
The Muskingum Imp. cost 1,700,000 00
I have not at hand the means of ascertaining the separate cost of the other works. Their aggregate cost was about \$4,155.00.

In 1847, as stated above,
the debt was..... \$19,492,895 21
On the 1st of Jan. 1854,
it was..... 15,218,129 40

Reduction in six years \$4,274,765 81
The annual int. in '47 was 1,179,073 70
In 1854 it was..... 901,191 14

Reduction in six years \$277,882 56
Net income of public works in 1847..... 612,468 41

Raised by tax in 1847,
to pay interest..... \$666,600 20
Net income of public works in '54, estimated, there being no report..... 100,000 00
Deficiency to pay interest 801,191 14

Increase of tax to pay int. \$134,581 85
AN OVERSIGHT.

Rush says that the exercise of the organs of the breath by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and spitting of blood is almost unknown among them—a fact attributed by Dr. Rush in part, to the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them so frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education from their earliest years.

Counterfeit two dollar bills, on the State Bank of Ohio, very neatly engraved, and having the general appearance of the genuine, are in circulation.